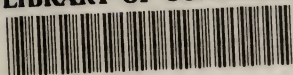


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Juvenília.

“ Let one poor sprig of bay around my head
“ Bloom while I live, and point me out when dead.”

Churchill.

UNPUBLISHED.

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T. Jones, 24, Wardour-Street, Soho.

IT may be some apology for the imperfections of the following Poem, to state, that it was chiefly written about five years ago, when I was not seventeen; a few lines have been added since. The spot it attempts to celebrate is indebted for its principal beauties to the taste and the exertions of its present occupier, the gentleman whose name is recorded in the text. To do justice to the merits of its scenery would require a muse of much greater brilliancy than mine.

Wherever I am conscious of having borrowed the idea or the expression of another, it shall be acknowledged in the notes.

A. C.

MAY, 1812.

GROOBY.

“ Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes

“ Angulus ridet.” Hor.

IMMORTAL poets, in immortal strains,
Have crown'd with fame Arcadia's happy plains,
And that blest country, where Penëus leads
His liquid stores along Thessalian meads ;
Yet could *my* muse to equal heights aspire,
Or catch one spark of their celestial fire,
E'en these, tho' circled with eternal greens,
Should yield the palm to Grooby's chaster scenes,

Where hill and vale, the meadow and the wood,
 The lawn's bright verdure, and the crystal flood,
 Each sylvan grace harmoniously allied,
 Arcadian beauty and Thessalian pride,
 Spring's lavish bloom and summer's rich display
 Conspire to charm, irregularly gay,
 And, join'd with nature, modest art declares
 The sense, the taste, the elegance of PARES.

Long had the land, to nakedness a prey,
 Seen years revolve, and seasons waste away.
 No sylvan honours deck'd the desert plain,
 No scatter'd seed produc'd the golden grain,
 No Pan was there, no Flora's sweet array,
 E'en winter linger'd on the lap of May.
 Till art and genius bade the planter's toil
 Call forth the embryo beauties of the soil;

Bade blooming shrubs the gay parterre adorn;
 Stretch'd the green velvet of the sloping lawn;
 Saw kinder suns and gentler breezes bring
 The summer's warmth, the fragrance of the spring;
 Saw stately trees and shady groves arise,
 And from the desert rear'd a Paradise.

Blest, who can find, 'mid solitudes like these,
 Those three best joys, health, competence, and ease,
 And laid at rest beyond th'ignoble strife,
 The bustling toils, the wayward cares of life,
 And, free from storms that on the great ones fall,
 Has but few wishes and enjoys them all.
 He, not unconscious of his happy state,
 Fearless of Fortune, and resign'd to fate,
 Courts the Parnassian Muses; or explores
 The healing powers of nature's balmy stores;

Or penetrates, with his interior light,
 Th'expanse above removed from human sight;
 Or bids his soul on wings seraphic rise
 To range with Milton 'mid its kindred skies,
 To scan the heavens, and view its last abode
 The bosom of its Father and its God..

These are thy blessings, Grooby; these impart
 A gen'rous pleasure to the grateful heart,
 Which, far remote, invokes th'Aonian powers,
 And twines a wreath to deck thy laureate bowers..

Let tasteless others, with a servile awe,
 Give fashion's follies all the force of law,
 Thy gentler genius, Grooby, can despise
 Art's idle whims and useless pageantries;

Can scorn the pride and glitter of expence,
 If destitute of elegance and sense,
 And view, more pleas'd, its native riv'let stray,
 And through thy meadows work its silent way,
 Than if compell'd in leaden tubes to rise,
 And toss its tortur'd waters to the skies.
 Amid thy scenes no marble statues reign ;
 No fish-tail'd triton awes the wond'ring swain ;
 With red right-arm, no thunder-bearing Jove
 Scares the poor timid tenants of the grove ;
 But all around the loves and graces fly,
 And taste and beauty charm the gazing eye,
 Unerring nature sketch'd the fair design,
 Left PARES to soften ev'ry harsher line,
 To blend the pleasing powers of light and shade,
 To deck the verdant hill, and ope the glade

Where birds that haunt the meadow or the flood,
 That float in air, or warble in the wood,
 Roost without fear; and through the live-long day
 Breathe out their little souls in harmony.

Yes, Grooby, yes, if e'er some God may deign
 To leave the skies and visit earth again;
 If Jove himself Olympus should forego,
 Where would he find a sweeter spot below?
 What though no Faunus, in thy greenwood glade,
 Woo to his arms some coy reluctant maid,
 Some fair Lodona, who, to shun the flame,
 Melts into waves, and bathes thy fields a stream;
 What though no Dryads, round their native oak,
 Shriek at the Woodman's unrelenting stroke;
 No green-hair'd Nymph beside thy waters rove,
 Nor Satyrs haunt the bosom of thy grove;

Yet can the poet pensive, as he strays
 Along thy shady walks, thy silent ways,
 In ev'ry dell and knoll and thicket trace
 A power divine, the Genius of the place;
 See fairy phantoms people ev'ry bower,
 Dance round the shrub, and hover o'er the flower;
 And, as the visionary shapes arise
 In quick succession to his wondering eyes,
 Fancy, enraptur'd, makes a sudden stand,
 Pays a low homage to the mystic band;
 Her own creation's charms delights to view,
 And almost thinks the dear delusion true.

Ah! happy scenes, as in your shade I stray,
 I pity those whom the vain world calls gay:
 And think that he, whom partial fates exclude
 From nature's peace, from nature's solitude,

Condemn'd reluctant, amid noise and strife,
 To stem the troubled stream of public life,
 If 'chance some friendly Genius guide his way
 To Grooby's landscape, opening on the day,
 Like the sage wand'rer in Calypso's grot,
 Oh! he would linger on the lovely spot,
 And feel ten thousand secret charms combin'd
 To captivate the sense and soothe the mind.
 'Twere not alone the calm romantic bowers,
 The lawn enamel'd with the fairest flowers,
 The hill, the dale, the intermingling trees,
 The lake's broad bosom dimpling in the breeze;—
 No, he would hail, in the sequester'd scene,
 The seat of health, and ease, and mirth serene,
 Of those pure pleasures which can never cloy,
 Of social comfort and domestic joy;

And, as his heart expands with warmer glow,
 And tastes a bliss which worldlings never know,
 Would own, at length, contentment's genuine
 sphere,
 And long to dwell in sweet seclusion here.

TO MYRA.

“ Illam, quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia flectit,
 “ Componit furtim subsequiturque decor.” Tibull.

DEAR are those locks of auburn hue,
 And dear those eyes of heavenly blue;
 But dearer far the smile so meek
 That wantons on thy rosy cheek.
 Oh! 'tis the sunshine of the soul within,
 'Tis the sweet emblem of a heart that's kind;
 Myra, that face so form'd to win,
 Cannot reflect a vacant mind.

Ah, no, those looks divinely mild,
 Betray a fond, a tender meaning;
 And those twin lights so bright, so wild,
 Utter a language past explaining.

If there's a bliss below the sky
 More exquisite than thought can feign,
 'Tis to enjoy thy Company;
 To hear thee speak, to hear thee sigh,
 To catch the lustre from thine eye
 And dart it back again.

" 'Tis then the captive bosom feels
 A magic spell around it wove;"
 And, as the timid hand conceals
 The blush that o'er the features steals,
 'Trembles,—and wonders if it's love.

TO MYRA,
WITH A ROSE.

“ Ambrosiæque comæ divinum VERTICE odorem
“ Spiravere.” Virgil.

IF, as Pythagoreans say,

The soul a change of body knows,

Would mine could leave its native clay

To animate this lovely rose.

And then, if haply Myra deign

To place me on her breast of snow,

The proudest flower of Flora's train

I'd deck my charms in deeper glow.

My leaves, on that Idalian throne,
Would all their fragrant sweets impart;
Yes, they would breathe, for her alone,
The incense of a grateful heart.

The Loves that sport around her breast
To my soft calyx would repair,
And Cupid too, a welcome guest,
Would flap his wings, and nestle there.

And I would woo the lovely maid
With all the art that flower can try;
Blest if my labour be repaid
With one kind glance of Myra's eye.—

Or if among those tresses fair

She deign to weave my pliant stem,

I'd vie in crimson beauty there

With ruby set in diadem.

Half latent thus, a scent I'd shed

From ev'ry pore of mantling bloom,

And form around her graceful head

An atmosphere of sweet perfume.

Then, as of yore Cythera's queen

The fragrance taught her son to know,

Myra would stand, in form and mien,

A very Venus here below.

TO THE SAME,

WITH A

VIOLET, ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

" Modeste en ma couleur, modeste en mon sejour,
 " Fraiche d'ambition, je me cache sous l'herbe,
 " Mais, si sur votre front je puis me voir un jour,
 " La plus humble des fleurs sera la plus superbe."

"COME hither, my pigeon," in transport I cried,

As the dawn of Saint Valentine's morn I espied;

As I pluckt the dear flower which this paper
declares,

And thought of the charmer whose emblem it bears,

I joyously uttered, "Come hither my dove,

" O haste thee, O fly, as on pinions of love,

“ And this present transport through the regions of
air

“ From the tenderest swain to the loveliest fair.”

O sweet is its odour, and vivid its hue,
And bright are the tints of its exquisite blue,
But sweeter by far is the breath of her sigh,
And brighter the lustre that darts from her eye.
Then go, modest flower, my embassadress be;
Ah, tell her how much she's the semblance of thee;
And should you, perchance, be triumphantly blest
With that envied appointment, a place on her
breast,

In thy own lovely image O strive to impart
The pure and unspeakable thought of my heart.
And whisper the maid, with that silent address,
That language which nature can only express,

That altho' in the circle of Flora's domain,
 Where the Loves and the Graces abundantly
 reign,
 No flower can be found whose attire is so fair,
 Whose form is so lovely, whose painting so rare,
 Yet unlike the gay tulip whose gaudy array
 Is display'd in bold pomp to the gaze of the day,
 Deep, ah deep in the hedge-row thou hid'st thy
 meek head,
 And thick is the knot-grass that shelters thy bed.

O yes, little plant, from thy innocent station,
 May the maid that I love derive this observation,
 That the features which please, and the charms
 which subdue,
 Are enhanc'd by the veil that conceals them from
 view;

That the beautiful form, which will dare to des-
pise

The superfluous aid that gay Fashion supplies,
When united with sense can a magic impart,
Which, if once it engages, must capture the heart.

“ ————— modus agri non ita magnus,
 “ Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
 “ Et paulum sylvæ super his” — Horat.
 “ ————— tecum ut longæ sociarem gaudia vitæ,
 “ Inque tuo caderet nostra senecta sinu.” Prop.

MINE is a cot in yonder glen

With ev’ry woodland beauty fair,

Far from the busy haunts of men,

From courtly pomp and noisy care.

There has my willing labour strove

To plant the shrub, to rear the bower,

To deck it for the maid I love,

And group around her fav’rite flower.

The fragrant mead, the sloping hill,
The throstle's note in copse-wood green,
The murmurs of the gushing rill
Conspire to lure her to the scene.

There would we cheat life's little day
With fond affection's temper'd glow,
And taste, as far as mortals may,
The sweetest bliss enjoy'd below.

And, Myra, when those charms are fled,
And thou art old and feeble grown,
I'll joy to nurse thy aching head,
And prize thee for thy worth alone.

Then say not I am doom'd to bear

A fruitless homage to thy shrine;

O thou wilt never, never share

A heart so full of love as mine.

TO MYRA.

“ — dum licet, inter nos lætemur amantes,
 “ Non satis est ullo tempore longus amor.” Prop.

THAT rosebud, my love, which you place in
 your breast,

To find there a throne, and perhaps too a tomb,
 On the same parent stalk a twin-sister possest,
 Its rival in fragrance, in beauty, and bloom.

'Twas the offspring of May prematurely display'd,
 'Ere young zephyr had borrow'd his warmth from
 the ray,
 'Ere the dew-drop of eve and the night's chilly
 shade
 Had been temper'd awhile by the fervour of day.

I mark'd the sweet plant as its bosom outspread,
 As its petals put forth their luxuriant dye;
 I propp'd up its stem, and I shelter'd its head
 From the cold nipping blasts of the varying sky.

Delighted I watch'd, as its charms were display'd,
 Spring's insect-adventurers woo their young
 bloom;

Saw the butterfly's pastime a moment delay'd
 As he quaff'd from its anthers the honied perfume.

And the bee too would seek, for her balm-laden
 thighs,

On the cool downy lip of its blossom a seat;

Ah! see in its cup how the forager lies

And revels in scents irresistibly sweet!

Yes, I gaz'd with delight on its glowing attire

Of simple vermilion; and said 'twas as fair

As the roses that deck'd the fam'd Garland of
 Prior,

As the roses that blush'd in Anacreon's hair.

And forgetful, at length, that a speedy decay

May o'ertake even mortals in life's sunny noon,

I had thought 'twould outlive the short season of
 May,

And I thought 'twould be kiss'd by the breezes
 of June.

Ah! no ; in the heyday of beauty and scent,

When it flirted with zephyr, and laugh'd in the
ray,

When wide round the garden its odour was sent,

And its leaflets hung out their bright hue to the
day ;

Lo, silently mingling, the dun vapours lour ;

Down rattles the pitiless hail on its head ;

Its petals are scatter'd ; and one little hour

Saw them healthly and gay, saw them wither'd
and dead.

Then Myra, my love, be advis'd by my rhyme,

For the rose has a moral intended for thee ;

Be not thrifty of charms only lent for a time,

But hasten, O hasten to share them with me,

" Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter labet." Tib.

" ——— urit grata protervitas,
 " Et vultus nimium lubricus aspici." Hor.

HOW lovely on Cælia's cheek

Fair modesty's crimson is seen!

And those eyes—O how slily they speak

The soul's soft emotion within!

Ah! never may such pretty spheres

Be dimm'd by the dewdrop of woe;

Nor the languor of life's busy cares

Intrude on that innocent glow.

Or if from its crystalline cell

Some tear should unhappily start ;

If a sigh gently-breathing may tell

The pangs of a sensible heart ;

O let them not, Cælia, prove

Any boding of sorrow or care ;

May the sigh be extorted by love,

May pity have kindled the tear.

AN EXTRACT,

See Notes.

.....

Ah! sweet is the harp, and enchanting its tone,
 And dear is the bard, who, the would-be unknown,
 In the moments of rapturous leisure will deign
 To greet his fair friends with the exquisite strain.
 That strain have the *Graces* essay'd to repay,
 Tho' unpolish'd their verse, inharmonious their lay;
 That strain, had it flow'd to a worthier theme,
 Had its author drank deeper of Helicon's stream,

To ages far distant perchance had gone down,
 And his lyre might have gain'd him immortal re-
 nown,

“ For his language is chaste, without aim or pre-
 tence;

“ ’Tis a sweetness of breath from a soundness of
 sense.”

O ’tis pity indeed that so tender a swain

In the regions of dullness is doom’d to remain ;

That a harp, whose wild note with such melody
 flows,

Is attun’d *among students and fellows morose* ;

No female applauds it, no *sweetheart* is nigh,

Whose bosom might echo the tremulous sigh,

But cheerless perhaps, ’mid the jargon of schools,

The censure of wise men, the praises of fools,

Faint, ah faint on its chords are his fingers imprest,

And faint are the raptures that swell in his breast.

O believe us, dear bard, we could wish we were
near;

We would hail the bright dawn of thy minstrel
career;

We would lend thee a charmer, whose beauty may
claim

Some lay fit to swell the loud trumpet of fame;

That so, when hereafter thy county surveys

The bright ray of thy worth, 'twill exult in the
blaze;

So a second Petrarca 'twill greet in thy muse,

In thy valley of B—— a second Vaucluse.

FRAGMENTS

Intended for a Poem, on the

RUINS OF ROME.

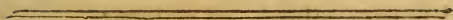
“ Magna vis est admonitionis in locis.” Cic.

“ To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible, if
 “ it were endeavoured, and would be foolish, if it were possible.—That man
 “ is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the
 “ plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the
 “ ruins of Jona.” Johnson.

The following fragments were intended to form part of a Poem which I once had in contemplation; the idea was suggested by a College exercise. I have now neither leisure nor inclination to attempt to patch them together, and having little to recommend them as detached pieces, they have made their appearance in this collection merely for the sake of swelling it to a more respectable size.

A. C.

FRAGMENTS.



QUEEN of the trophied arch and stately dome,
How is thy grandeur fled, imperial Rome!
Is this the spot, for arts and arms renown'd,
Where worth was reverenc'd, and valour crown'd;
Where patriot fire, and glory's dazzling rays,
And hardy virtue's emulative praise,
Taught the young warrior's kindling breast to
claim
Triumphant laurels and immortal fame?

Yes, thou wast once, through many a martial
age,

Nurse of the bard, the hero, and the sage;
Thine was the sceptre, whose extended sway
The subject world was destin'd to obey,
When tributary nations, far and near,
Crouch'd at the lightning of thy lifted spear;
And thine the group that soar'd on fancy's wing,
The mighty masters of the vocal string.
How art thou fallen! the barbarian hand
Has torn thy laurels, and laid waste thy land.
Yet, 'mid the wreck thy faded form displays,
Imagination dreams of ancient days,
And ev'ry object which the poet's flame
In classic numbers has consign'd to fame,
Heroes and kings, the patriot and the bold,
Still active, still majestic, as of old,

'Woke by her strong enchantment rise to view,
And live, in visionary pomp anew.

Fir'd with the bright ideas as they spring,
The muse excursive roves on fancy's wing;
From scene to scene with new delight convey'd
She views the lonely bow'r and desert shade;
Traces the streamlet as it glides along;
Dwells on each spot immortaliz'd in song;
Meets kindred forms in ev'ry ruin's gloom,
And hears sweet music round the poet's tomb.

There, where the Forum's prostrate pile presents
A blended heap of sunk magnificence,
To her transc'd eye what glorious forms appear,
Trail the long robe, or shake the beamy spear!
There, as the tide of ages roll'd away,
Were seen the tamers of despotic sway,

Those gen'rous patriots, who conspir'd to frame
 The mighty fabric of the Roman name ;
 Who, fir'd with all the glow to freedom dear,
 Unsway'd by lucre, unenslav'd by fear,
 Still in their country's cause stood prompt to aid,
 To wield the fasces, or to grasp the blade;
 Among her guardian demigods to plead;
 Among her heroes in the strife to bleed;
 To scorn despair in fortune's adverse hour,
 When Latium trembled at Porsenna's power;
 When Carthaginian swords, on Cannæ's plain,
 Heap'd the red sod with mountains of the slain;
 When Brennus led the spoiler bands of Gaul,
 And Rome herself seem'd tott'ring to her fall.

O it was then, when, peerless as she rose,
 Young empire struggled with surrounding foes,

And a few acres on the Tyrrhene coast
 Were all the realm the queen of realms could boast
 'Twas then, in moral dignity combin'd,
 Shone forth the noblest virtues of the mind.
 Zeal, honour, prowess, energy were there,
 The genius to suggest, the soul to dare ;
 The warm persuasive language which supplies
 Fire to the brave and prudence to the wise ;
 The hardy spirit taught betimes, to know
 Flight ~~the~~ ^{than} worse ~~death~~ and Fear the keenest foe,
 At glory's call, at freedom's plaint, to rear
 The all-subduing terrors of the spear,
 Among subjected nations to impart
 The copious stores of science and of art,
 And deem connected with the gen'ral plan
 The weal of Romans and the weal of man.

.....

Yes, on that spot,* with trophied ruins strown,
 Rome's infant genius rear'd its martial throne,
 When her first consul,† as aloft he bore
 The poniard streaming with Lucretia's gore,
 Rous'd injur'd men to shake off tyrant sway,
 Chas'd the proud Tarquins from their realm away,
 And wak'd the flame which, through succeeding
 time,

Urg'd on the warrior's soul to deeds sublime;
 Which, leagu'd with all a free-born heart can feel,
 Exalted hope, enthusiastic zeal,
 Blaz'd out, at length, by no vain fear confin'd,
 And stretch'd Rome's empire over half mankind.
 E'en now, methinks, the patriot sire I view,
 To the great purpose too severely true,

* The Forum.

† L. J. Brutus.

When his griev'd eye, amid the trait'rous throng,
Saw his misguided children borne along.

Yet then, even then, his sturdy soul repress
The pleading voice of nature in his breast ;
And, as they bled beneath the Lictor's steel
The first sad martyrs to young freedom's weal,
The public father of the state alone
Gaz'd on the deathful stroke without a groan.

.....

That level tract, o'er whose broad surface spread
The modern city rears its splendid head,*
And seems, with no rude massy fabrick bold,
To crouch beneath the ruins of the old ;
When Rome pour'd forth her martial bands afar
That tract was sacred to the god of war.

* Modern Rome chiefly occupies the old Campus Martius.

There would her youth in hardy sports engage,
 And emulate the deeds of riper age.
 Brandish the gauntlet, or with flying pace
 Essay the honors of the dusty race,
 Or launch the jav'lin to its mark, or train
 The mett'led war-horse to endure the rein,
 Or clothe in steel their brawny limbs, and wield
 In mimic strife the falchion and the shield,
 While Tiber saw, along his verdant meads,
 Careering heroes and encount'ring steeds.

Train'd in such school, in conscious prowess
 strong,

The Roman issued to th'embattled throng.
 Fierce nodded o'er his helm the plummy crest;
 The scaly corslet glitter'd on his breast;
 His thighs were cuirass'd ; to the baldrick tied,
 The temper'd blade hung radiant at his side ;

Stout iron greaves his sinewy legs enclasp'd;
 His dexter hand the beamy jav'lin grasp'd;
 And the broad buckler on his left display'd
 O'er the whole warrior cast its ample shade.

.....
 Barbarian nations stoop'd ; their headlong might
 Scarce stemm'd the torrent of unequal fight;
 Where'er they marshall'd forth, his* ready spear
 Flam'd in their van or brist'led in their rear.
 The tide of carnage deepen'd where he fought,
 In thickest death the trophied meed he sought,
 And seem'd at first, to hordes unskill'd and rude,
 With more than mortal energies endued.
 Myriads in vain oppos'd his swift career ;
 Fierce without rashness, prudent without fear,

* The Roman veteran under Cæsar.

And went, with unretorted eye, to brook
 Grim-visag'd danger's most appalling look,
 Through dreary wastes, amid encircling foes,
 Through floods, and storms, and hyperborean
 snows,
 Through woods impervious to the blaze of day
 His steady phalanx held resistless way,
 And taught astonish'd hosts the force to feel
 Of valour, conduct, discipline, and zeal.

.....

NOTES ON GROOBY.

——— *tho' circled with eternal greens.*

“To crown the forests with immortal greens.”

Pope's Windsor Forest, l. 286.

*Long had the land, to nakedness a prey
Seen years revolve and seasons waste away.*

These and the four following lines refer to the uncultivated state of Grooby some twenty or thirty years ago.

Even winter linger'd on the lap of May.

“But winter, ling'ring, chills the lap of May.”

Goldsmith's Traveller.

Those three best joys, health, competence, and ease.

“Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,

“Lie in three words; health, peace, and competence.”

Pope's Essay on Man.

Fearless of fortune, and resign'd to fate.

Borrowed from Dryden's translation of Virgil's Georgics, book 2, 701.

The bosom of its Father and its God.

Borrowed from Gray's Elegy, line the last.

Let tasteless others. with a servile awe, &c.

See a poetical Epistle to General Conway, from the Rev. Mr. Powis.

With red right-arm——

“Rubente dexterâ” Hor, 1, 2.

“With red right arm at his own temples hurl'd

“His thunders.”

Francis.

The expression alludes to the lightnings and the thunderbolts which are generally placed in the right hand of the statues of Jupiter, as characteristics of the god.

What though no Faunus in thy green-wood glade, &c.

“What though nor fabled dryad haunt their grove,

“Nor naiad near their fountain rove,

“Yet all embodied to the mental sight,

“A train of smiling virtues bright

“Shall there the wise retreat allow

“And twine triumphant palms to deck the wand’rer’s brow.”

Shenstone’s Rural Elegance.

Some fair Lodona, &c.

See Pope’s Windsor Forest, line 171:

If’ chance some friendly Genius guide his way.

See Verses addressed to Wm. Shenstone by Mr. Graves.

Like the sage wand’rer in Calypso’ grot.

Ulysses. . . . See the Odyssey, book 5.

Ah, sweet is the harp, &c.

A friend of mine at Cambridge had written an anonymous poetical epistle to three ladies, whom he had therein addressed by the title of “the Graces.” Being accidentally apprized of the circumstance, and having obtained some slight information of its contents, I sent him a letter in answer, in the same anapæstic metre. The whole of this letter, omitting the first eight lines, is given in the preceding pages. The words in italics are extracted from his epistle.

And dear is the bard, who, the would-be unknown,

The collocation of the words in this line is justified by the example of Dyer, in the beginning of his Grongar Hill;

“Silent nymph ! with curious eye,

“Who, the purple evening, lie,

“On the mountain’s lonely van,” &c.

For his language is chaste, without aim or pretence,

’Tis a sweetness of breath from a soundness of sense,

Borrowed from a poem by Mr. Webb. See D’Israeli’s Literary Miscellanies, page 95.

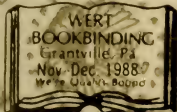


Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: March 2009

Preservation Technologies

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